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HORSE NOTES.

of the Eastern State
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the third week in August,
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Obect county, \$200.
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WE
GIVE AWAY

A Sample Package (4 to 7 doses) of

Dr. Pierce's
Pleasant PelletsTo any one sending name and address to
on a postal card.

ONCE USED THEY ARE ALWAYS IN FAVOR.

Hence, our object in sending them out
is to get you to try them.

ON TRIAL.

They absolutely cure

SICK HEADACHE,

Biliousness, Constipation,

Coated Tongue, Poor Ap-

petite, Dyspepsia and kind-

red derangements of the

Stomach, Liver and Bowels.

Don't accept some substitute said

to be "just as good."

The substitute costs the dealer

less.

It costs you ABOUT the same.

His profit is in the "just as

good."

WHERE IS YOURS?

Address for FREE SAMPLE,

World's Dispensary Medical Association,

No. 663 Main St., BUFFALO, N. Y.

Sick Headache

IS THE RESULT OF :

DISORDERED

STOMACH,

BLUR BEFORE

THE EYES,

DIZZINESS,

OVER-EATING,

SOUR STOMACH,

CONSTIPATION,

LIVER COMPLAINT,

NERVOUS

DEBILITY,

PRICKLY FEELING

OF HANDS OR FEET.

A Sure Relief for

Dyspepsia by using

Little Railroad Liver Pills.

EVERY BOX WARRANTED.

Small Pill. Small Dose. No Griping.

SOLD EVERYWHERE.

Manufactured by the

Railroad Medicine Co., Burnham, Me.

Augusta Safe Deposit

AND TRUST CO.

No. 300 Opera House Block, Augusta, Me.

TRUSTEES.

J. MANCHESTER HAYNES, PRES.

EDWIN C. DUDLEY, VICE PRES.

PATRICK J. BAKER, TREAS.

W. S. BAKER, JR., CLERK.

H. GANNETT, JR., CLERK.

W. H. HEATH, JR., CLERK.

W. KINNAMAN, JR., CLERK.

F. L. KIRBY, JR., CLERK.

O. W. WILKINSON, JR., CLERK.

Deposits Received Subject to Check and

INTEREST PAID ON THE DAILY BALANCE.

In Savings Department, interest paid

QUARTERLY at the rate of 4 per cent.

on deposits of \$100 and over, and

MONTHLY on deposits of \$50 and over.

All deposits subject to check and

drawal at any time.

High Grade Bonds and Investment

Securities Bought and Sold.

Burial & Fire-proof Safe Deposit Boxes

To Let.

F. E. SMITH, Treas.

Banking Hours 9 to 4 daily. 1719

AUGUSTA SAVINGS BANK.

ORGANIZED IN 1848.

Assets, June 21st, 1894, \$450,000.33.

Surplus, \$450,000.33.

TRUSTEES.

W. S. BAKER, JR., H. MANLEY.

L. C. CORNISH, L. D. TITCOMB.

R. F. PARROTT.

Deposits received and placed on interest the

first day of every month.

Deposits paid or credited in account on the

first day of February and August.

Deposits are exempt by law from all taxes

and accounts are strictly confidential.

Special privileges afforded to Executors,

Administrators, Guardians, Trustees, married

women and minors.

EDWIN C. DUDLEY, Treasurer.

For Sale

In West Gardiner.

The farm of the late H.

Goldsmith, on the road lead-

ing from Gardiner to Lewiston

and three and one-half miles

from the former place. This

farm contains thirty-four acres of land, with

buildings consisting of house, ell, wood shed

and outhouse, all in thorough repair. For

further particulars inquire of H. GOLDSMITH,

Gardiner, Me. Post Office address,

Gardiner, Me. May 2, 1895. 201

Augusta Water Company.

The annual meeting of the stockholders of

the Augusta Water Company will be held at

the Company's office in Augusta, on Mon-

day, the fifth day of July, 1895, at two

o'clock in the afternoon, for the following

purposes, viz:

To receive the report of the Treasurer.

To elect a Board of Directors for the ensu-

ing year.

To act on any other business that may legal-

ly come before them.

J. H. MANLEY, Clerk.

Augusta, Me., June 19th, 1895. 6532

BED WETTING CURED.

MOTHERS! Can completely cure your boy

in ten to twelve weeks. Send \$1.00 for Dr.

MAY'S SPECIFIC for bed wetters.

DR. F. M. MAY.

13125 Lock Box No. 4, Arrowhead, Ill.

Woman's Department.

MY MENDING BASKET.

It is made of the stoutest of willow.

It is deep and capacious and wide;

Yet the Gulf Stream that flows through its

borders

Seems always to stand at flood tide!

And the garments lie heaped on each other;

I look at them often and sigh.

Shall I ever be able to grapple

With a pile that has grown two feet high?

There's a top layer, always, of stockings,

These arrive and depart every day;

And the things that are playing "button,

button."

Also leave without any delay.

But, ah, underneath there are strata

Buried deep as the ocean's bottom!

Things put there the first day of autumn.

Still there when the trees have grown

green.

There are things to be ripped and made over;

There are things that gave out in their

prime;

There are intricate tasks—all awaiting

One magical hour of "spare time."

Will it come? Shall I ever possess it?

I start with fresh hope every day.

Like a will-o'-the-wisp it allures me;

Like a will-o'-the-wisp it fades away.

For the basket has never been empty

During all of its burdened career.

But once, for a few fleeting moments,

When the baby upset it last year.

TESTED RECIPES.

Celery Sauce.—(For boiled fowls or

boiled rabbit.) Chop up young white

celery to fill a pint measure, and boil it

in a pint of lightly salted water, or broth

in which the fowls were boiled, until it

is quite tender, then strain it off, and use

the water it was boiled in to make a

butter sauce (melted butter) thus: Put a

large tablespoonful of flour and an ounce

of butter in a saucepan, and stir it over

the fire until the butter has taken up all

the flour, but do not let it take color.

Stir in slowly the broth or water the

celery was boiled in. Drop in a pinch of

ground mace or grated nutmeg, and

when the sauce has thickened, put in the

pieces of celery, and warm up. When

quite hot, put into a tureen, and serve

with, or over, the boiled fowl or rabbit.

Cabbage Salad.—Cut a solid, tender

head of cabbage very fine, and place it

in a deep dish. Put in a saucepan over

a rather hot fire one cupful of thick sour

cream. Stir in while heating the yolks

of three well-beaten eggs. Add a half

teaspoonful of each of made mustard and

sugar, and butter the size of an egg, with

a dash of red pepper and salt. While

cooking, stir in half a cupful of strong

vinegar. Make a smooth, thick

dressing, with a delicate, creamy taste.

Pour over the cabbage while hot, and

mix thoroughly.

Picked Celery.—This is a novelty that

will be greatly relished. Chop up the

tender hearts of two or three heads of

celery into inch lengths, and put them

into a bowl, covering them after ward

with a brine strong enough to float an

egg. Cover the bowl, and leave the cel-

ery to soak for eight or ten days. Then

take out the celery and wash it well in

cold water, settling it after to drain until

nearly dry. Boil in an enameled sauce-

pan a quart of best malt vinegar, with a

dessert spoonful of mixed spices, includ-

ing whole mace, pepper corns, allspice

and salt. Pack the celery neatly into a

glass jar, and pour the hot, strained vin-

egar over it. Cover down tightly, and

in a week's time it will be fit to serve

with any cold viands.

Fruit Cake (Plain).—Half a pound of

butter and a pound of sugar, beaten to a

cream, add the yolks of four well-beaten

eggs, stir till light, then add the whites

beaten to a stiff froth, then add one-half

pound of English currants, flavor with

mace, add a light pound of flour, in

which has been stirred a heaping tea-

spoonful of baking powder. Bake in a

moderate oven. This is very good if

eaten fresh.

A Convenient Rice Pudding.—Pour up

two cups of cold boiled rice a pint of

milk. Rub the rice smooth, then boil it

up in the milk. Remove from the fire

and add half a cup of sugar, a bit of but-

ter, two beaten eggs, essence of rose or

lemon, and salt to taste. Put into a

buttered dish, grate nutmeg over the

top, and bake half an hour.

PRETTY RASH CURTAINS.

There is no excuse for the simplest

homes being inartistic. The touch of

woman should convert a house into a

home and make it really homelike in

spite of small means and small rooms.

I know that some taboo cheap cloth as

unsuitable for use, but there are thou-

sands of others who use it with excellent

results. I admit, myself, that I like

more expensive materials, but lacking

the "where-withal" need not make any

one miserable. Come with me a mo-

ment and see these curtains, and then

tell me if they are not artistic and cheer-

ful, although very inexpensive.

Two fold breadths of cheap cloth are

used for each side of the upper sash cur-

tains, the inner side being cream-colored,

and the lining pink. Before the lining

is added, however, a design in feather-

stitching is applied to the cream-colored

curtain. This is simply a running wavy

line, with numerous little branches

extending therefrom. This is worked

with Asiatic twisted embroidery silk, in

a shade of pink a little darker than that

used for the lining of the curtain. The

work is very quickly done and the effect

is most charming. There is no light

more lovely than a rose-colored one, and

the pink linings give a glow of color that

is very pretty indeed. Such curtains as

these, with dark shades underneath, would

be very pretty for an invalid's

room, the little touch of pink being be-

coming to pale faces. Many women de-

corate their rooms with the idea in view

that they shall be becoming settings to

themselves when done. If it seems best

to add curtains to the lower sash of the

window, as well as to the upper one,

these should be run on brass rods, and a

pretty idea is to tie them in the center

of each breadth with pink ribbons. This

gives a shape like an hour glass, and is

pretty for a change.

If your fire burns low while you are

ironing, set the irons in the stove on the

coals. You will be surprised to find

out how much you can accomplish when

you thought you would have to stop. I

finish my ironing in this way always in

hot weather.

DEFINITIONS OF HOME.

A prize was offered recently for the

best answer to the question, "What is

home?" Here are a few of the answers

which were received:

The golden setting, in which the

brightest jewel is "mother."

A world of strife shut out, a world of

love shut in.

Home is the blossom of which heaven

is the fruit.

The only spot on earth where the

faults and failings of fallen humanity are

hidden under the mantle of charity.

An abode in which the inmate, the

"superior being called man," can pay

back at night, with fifty per cent. inter-

est, every annoyance that has met him

in business during the day.

The place where the great are some-

times the small, and the small often great.

The father's kingdom, the children's

paradise, the mother's world.

The jewel casket, containing the most

precious of all jewels—domestic happi-

ness.

Where you are treated best, and you

grumble most.

Home is the central telegraph office

of human love, into which run innum-

erable wires of affection, many of which,

though extending thousands of miles,

are never disconnected from the one

great terminus.

The centre of our affections, around

which our heart's best wishes twine.

A little hollow scooped out of the

windy hill of the world, where we can

be shielded from its cares and annoy-

ances.

A popular but paradoxical institution,

in which woman works in the absence

of man, and man rests in the presence

of woman.

WHERE ONE CAN BE HAPPY.

Maine Farmer.

ESTABLISHED IN 1833.

Published every Thursday, by
Badger & Manley,
AUGUSTA, MAINE.

THURSDAY, JUNE 20, 1895.

TERMS.
\$1.50 IN ADVANCE; OR \$2.00 IF NOT PAID
WITHIN ONE YEAR OF DATE OF
SUBSCRIPTION.TERMS OF ADVERTISING.
For one inch space, \$2.50 for three inser-
tions and seventy-two cents for each subse-
quent insertion.COLLECTOR'S NOTICE.
Mr. C. S. Ayer, our agent, is now calling
upon our subscribers in Cumberland county.
Our agent, Mr. J. W. Kellogg, is now call-
ing upon our subscribers in Hancock and
Washington counties.Thomas Mansfield of Lewiston, in jail
for assault with intent to kill his wife,
was pardoned by the Governor and
Council, Tuesday.The Treasury Department announces
that it will refund the income taxes paid
in before the act was declared unconsti-
tutional without waiting for authority
from Congress.The managers of the Eastern Maine
Fair at Bangor have engaged the famous
balloonist and parachute jumper, Prof.
C. C. Bonnette, to give exhibitions during
the week.This is Western Kansas' year of pros-
perity, the rainfall having been sufficient
to insure good crops, and all will rejoice
that "bleeding Kansas" is to have pros-
perity this time.There will be a special communication
of the Grand Lodge of Masons at South
Paris, July 24, at 11 A. M., for the pur-
pose of laying the corner stone of the
new county buildings.Geo. E. Brackett of Belfast, Grand
Secretary of the Grand Lodge of Good
Templars, has so far recovered as to
visit his down-town office. It has been
four months since Mr. Brackett was
stricken down.Hon. Wainwright Cushing of the Gov-
ernor's Council, who received a fracture
to his leg not many weeks ago, by being
thrown from a carriage, is rapidly recov-
ering and will before long be able to
visit the State headquarters.The railroad commissioners have de-
cided that, on account of narrow tracks,
the Cape Elizabeth Railway Company
shall not be granted the location they
ask for through the streets of South
Portland.The Biddeford Journal makes a good
point on the newspaper writers who
about such a one having accepted a sit-
uation, when he has had to hustle to get
a job, and looks now to see the county
press writing items like this: "Johnnie
Jones has accepted a situation as as-
sistant to Selectman Brown during the
hay season at a salary of 60 cents a
day and board."A successful attempt has been made to
draw from his work at Colby, Rev. Dr.
Whitman, President of the University.
The doctor has once declined the tempt-
ing offer of the Presidency of Columbian
University at Washington, but they are
after him again with still greater ardor.
Dr. Whitman, we are sorry to say, has
yielded to the temptation and accepted
the offer. He will begin his duties in
Washington in September. His depart-
ure will be a sad blow for the cause of
education in Maine.A four-million dollar estate in which
Maine people are directly or indirectly
interested has just been ordered to be
divided in Syracuse, N. Y., and a son
and daughter of Mrs. Anna M. White of
Chicago, nee Anne M. Greeley, a native
of Dover, Maine, will share in the divi-
sion. Mrs. White is a sister of Mrs.
Frank L. Dingley of Auburn, Maine.
The fortunate young people who come
into the possession of a competence from
this estate will spend a part of the sum-
mer in Maine, visiting Auburn, Dover
and other points where they have rela-
tives.West Superior, Wis., has a Mayor who
doesn't spell reform with a big R. The
city council there is now engaged in
investigating charges of malfeasance in
office against Mayor Starkweather, who,
until his election two months ago, was
pastor of the Church of the Redeemer
(Episcopal) of that city. He was elected
on a reform issue, but at his inaugura-
tion announced that this would be no
Sunday school government. His first act
was to close the gambling houses,
but they were permitted to re-open on
June 1, for a consideration, it is said.
During the last week negotiations have
been pending between the mayor and the
saloon-keepers regarding the hours for
closing, which they wished extended be-
yond midnight. The saloon-keepers say
that the preacher mayor demanded \$7 a
month from each. This would mean
\$500 a month. The saloon-keepers de-
clined to come to terms and are com-
pelled to close on time. Other charges are
made against him.The decision handed down by the
Supreme Court of Illinois, Thursday
morning in the Whiskey Trust case, in
which the decision of the Cook County
Court declaring the Trust illegal is
affirmed, is one of the strongest argu-
ments of combinations for the purpose
of concerning or controlling prices in
products ever promulgated by any court.
The opinion is voluminous, containing 49
pages of closely written type manuscript,
and goes fully into the details of the case.
Many citations are made, among them
the Chicago Gas and the Match Trust,
to which the court maintains the Whis-
key Trust bears a similarity. This de-
cision is made from the fact that the
Chicago Gas and Diamond Match Com-
panies exceeded their charter rights by
engaging in lines of business not granted
in their charters. The Whiskey Trust,
the court maintains, exceeded its char-
ter by forming a combination to control
prices rather than to manufacture whis-
key.

FOURTH MAINE BATTERY ASSOCIATION REUNION.

The Fourth Maine Battery Reunion,
held in this city, June 12th, recalls to
the minds of the older inhabitants of
Augusta the days which tried men's
souls, from 1861 to 1865. This battery,
which proved to be one of the best
organizations of the Union army, was
mustered into the U. S. service Dec. 21,
1861.In the winter of '61 and '62 there were
here in Augusta the Second, Third,
Fourth, Fifth and Sixth Batteries.
First having been raised in Portland, the
Second under Capt. James A. Hall,
Third, Capt. Sweet, Fourth, Capt. Rob-
inson, the Fifth, Capt. LeFevre, and the
Sixth, Capt. McGilvery. The Third,
Fourth, Fifth and Sixth Batteries en-
camped south of the State House, there
being at that time but one old farm-
house there.The Second encamped with the Thir-
teenth Maine Infantry, near Dow's regim-
ent, at the arsenal grounds, while the
Fourth, Col. Nickerson, and the First
Maine Cavalry, Col. Goddard, were on
the grounds east of the State House,
where we are today visiting. The Third
was in March, 1862, when the rebel
Merriam moved down the James River
and attacked and sunk the Union ves-
sels, Cumberland and Congress, which
were guarding the mouth of the river.
It was then that one of our most noted
men appeared on the scene, attacked the
rebel Merriam and drove her back to
Richmond. At that time the people at
the North were at fever heat, fearing
that the Merriam might get out of the
James River, proceed north and destroy
some of our cities; and perhaps Port-
land would be the first city to be bom-
barded by the rebel ram. Consequently,
troops were hustled to the seat of war
from all parts of the country; the bat-
teries here were ordered to Portland in
great haste, the Fourth Maine with the
others. They left Augusta about the
middle of March, remained in Portland
about two weeks, leaving there for
Washington, April 1, 1862.After staying in Washington a short
time, we were ordered out to Fort Ran-
ney, down toward the Bull Run Creek,
near Fall's Church, Va., drilling here as
heavy artillery for three weeks, when
we were ordered back to Washington,
where we were mounted, received our
guns and horses, proceeding at once to
Harper's Ferry, and from there down
the Shenandoah Valley, where we joined
Gen. Sigel's corps.Stopping at Cedar Creek some two
weeks, where Sheridan fought the great
battle in '64, we then proceeded down
the valley, taking part in the battle of
Cold Mountain, August 9,
1862, also taking part in Pope's retreat
from the second battle of Bull Run,
thence back to South Mountain and
Antietam.In the winter of '62, '63, we quartered
at Harper's Ferry, doing picket duty at
Bovier Heights. We joined the army of
the Potomac the following June, re-
maining there until the army under
Lee's surrender at Appomattox; passing
through nearly all of the battles of that
army excepting Gen. McClellan's cam-
paign on the peninsula.At the time of the Gettysburg battle,
ten thousand troops were stationed at
South Mountain Pass to prevent the re-
treat of Lee through the Pass, and here
some right smart skirmishing was done.
We quartered at Brandy Station, Va.,
during the winter of '63 and '64, moving
there May 1, 1864, taking part in
all the battles of Grant's campaign from
the Wilderness to Petersburg.The Fourth Maine Battery returned to
Augusta in June, 1865, having been three
and one-half years in Uncle Sam's ser-
vice. Such is a glimpse of the history
of the battery; to write a full history of
the Fourth or any other Maine battery
or regiment that went through the war,
would make a large book.The meeting of the Fourth Maine Bat-
tery Association in this city, on the 12th
inst., was a pleasant and agreeable oc-
casion to all the comrades and their ladies.
Battles were fought over again and many
funny reminiscences were recalled that
were long forgotten. The affair was a
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or regiment that went through the war,
would make a large book.Supper was served at 6, after which
the adjourned business was called.
Committees were appointed, officers
elected, and papers read from comrades
General Estlin, Corporal Plummer,
and also from Past Department Com-
mander J. Wesley Gilman, expressing
the kindest wishes and regretting that
it was impossible for them to be present.
The officers elected for the ensuing year
were:President—Ethel H. Jones, Augusta.
Vice President—C. H. C. Dearborn,
Mt. Vernon.
Treasurer—Charles Cymbale, North
Augusta.
Secretary—James A. Jones, Augusta.
The business having been completed,
the evening's entertainment was begun
by the Young Ladies' Mandolin and
Guitar Club giving selection which
was very pleasing to all, every one ex-
pressing themselves as being delighted
with the fine music. James Stone, the
boy cornetist, gave a solo, which was
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Feeling
at this season, is a serious
and leads to disastrous
results. The blood is im-
pure. The best and most
reliable remedy is found in

Dr. Sarsaparilla

is the
Strong

are purely vegetable, per-
manently reliable and benefi-
cial.

without help. His
arm and leg are helpless
and he is unable to move
at all. He is suffering
from a severe case of
rheumatism, and his
condition is very serious.
He has been in bed for
many months, and his
condition is very serious.
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Dr. Sarsaparilla

day afternoon, a grand
day by Rev. C. S. Cum-
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conducted by the Rev. C. S.
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RE-OPENS SEPT. 3rd, 1895.

THE COURSE OF STUDY

is thorough, complete and practical. Pupils are

taught the latest methods and work of every-day life.

THE FACULTY

embraces a list of more than twenty teachers and

assistants, selected with special reference to pro-

ficiency in each department.

THE STUDENTS

are young people of both sexes, full of diligence

and energy.

THE DISCIPLINE

is of the highest order and includes valuable

business lessons.

THE PATRONAGE

is the largest of any similar institution

in the world.

SPECIAL COURSE.

Shorthand, Typing, Writing, Composition and

Bookkeeping may be taken as a special course.

SITUATIONS

in business houses furnished pupils among

the varied inducements to attend this school.

THE SCHOOL BUILDING,

66 Washington Street, Boston, is centrally lo-

cated and purposely constructed. Office open

daily from 9 till 5 o'clock. Prospectus sent free.

H. E. HIBBARD, Principal.

“Tis not the clothes

that make the man,

but they help.”

Everything else being

equal, the best dressed man

gets ahead quickest in this

world, and the difference

between being poorly

dressed and well dressed

costs so little. This is an

instance in which

A Little

Difference

Makes a

Great

Difference.

The style, fit and finish

of a garment are very im-

portant points, for without

them you never can be well

dressed.

We have been making

these points a study for

years, also how to make up

a garment so that it will

retain these very desirable

qualities. This knowledge

is at our customers' dis-

posal. What has cost us a

great deal of time and

money costs you nothing.

Don't you think it good

business policy to avail

yourself of this practical

skill?

CHAS. H. NASON,

Manufacturer of Fine Ready-Made

Clothing.

1 and 2 Allen's Building,

AUGUSTA, — MAINE.

GROW...

ENSILAGE

WITH

BRADLEY'S

SUPER PHOSPHATE

THE WORLD'S BEST

BRADLEY FERTILIZER CO.

BOSTON, MASS.

And Local Agents Everywhere.

CUTLER'S

Pocket Inhaler.

Important to sing-

ers. Cures Catarrh,

Bronchitis, Cold in

the head and throat.

Ready as a knife, and is a Microbe Killer.

Send for a free trial.

Items of Maine News

A lot has been purchased, and Bath's

shoe shop is to be built.

Richmond High school graduated

twenty young ladies and gentlemen.

J. Warren Storer, a prominent farmer

in Camden, died Monday morning of

apoplexy.

Henry Berry of West Buxton suddenly

dropped dead, Tuesday, while at work

in the field.

Fred Lincoln, a carpenter at the Maine

Central shops at Brunswick, fell dead of

heart disease while lighting a fire, Sun-

day.

Abner McDonald of Biddeford, who

shot himself in the head and abdomen,

Wednesday night, died Thursday morn-

ing.

Mrs. Abigail M., wife of Rev. Benj. F.

Morgan of Rockport, died Wednesday,

aged 79 years. They had been married

56 years.

The residence of Simon L. Cleaves on

Elm street, Biddeford, was ransacked

early Monday morning by burglars, and

\$75 was stolen. The burglars entered

through a rear door left unlocked.

The lodge of Masons decided Monday,

to buy of the Saco Water Power Co., a

large lot on Main street Biddeford, for

the erection of a Masonic Temple. The

price paid is said to be about \$14,000.

William Carville, a farmer living on

the Lisbon road at South Lewiston, was

choked to death by a hanging lobster in

Elm street, Lewiston, Friday morning.

Mrs. Mary Harper, wife of Reuben

Harper of Bar Harbor, committed sui-

cide last week, by hanging in the attic of

her house by a sheet. She had been in-

ferior for some time.

The heaviest hail storm for years pre-

valled in the vicinity of Foxcroft, Friday.

In some places the ground was white

with hail stones. At Brownville and im-

mediate vicinity considerable damage

was done to windows and crops.

Extensive repairs are being made at

the mill of the Bangor Pulp & Paper Co., a

new engine, acid plant, and a revolving

paper cutting machine are being put in,

and about \$10,000 will be laid out in im-

provements.

Elisha Bradford of Sherman Mills was

attacked a few days ago by a large Jer-

sey bull, and was thrown down on his

back, badly injuring him. He is 83 years

old. His son came to rescue the old

gentleman, and was also attacked and

somewhat injured.

Mr. Daniel Overlook of Liberty, a farmer

about 50 years of age, was instantly

slain by a falling tree, a recent shower.

He was sitting in the doorway with a

child on either knee. The children were

uninjured. In the same tempest two

valuable cows owned by Mr. H. H.

Sides of Belfast were killed.

Philip B. Turner, a popular young

Portland man, was drowned Thursday,

while canoeing in Stroudwater river.

He fell from the canoe. The body was

recovered. He was a member of the Y.

M. C. A., and a very promising young

man. He intended to enter Colby Uni-

versity next fall.

The hearing on the motion for a new

trial for James Lewis, convicted of the

murder of Mr. Coburn, in Gorham, took

place before Judge Bonney of the Su-

perior Court, in Portland, Wednesday.

The Judge overruled the motion for a

new trial, and Lewis counsel will now

appeal to the law Court, and the entire

testimony will be printed.

In the heavy thunder shower, Thurs-

day afternoon, at Sebago, one corner of

Oliver Pike's house was struck and con-

siderably damaged. No one was injured

excepting his granddaughter, Lucy Pike,

who was shocked somewhat. Several

years ago the house was struck, making

the second time. The loss is more this

GRANGE NEWS AND NOTES.

—At the regular meeting of Dexter

Grange, No. 155, P. of H., on June 8,

the following resolutions were unani-

mously adopted:

Resolved, That we, the members of

Dexter Grange, who are ever ready with

expressions of kindness and sympathy to all;

Resolved, That by the death of our sister

order has lost a faithful member, the

husband a kind and thoughtful wife, the

son and daughter a loving and devoted

and that the sudden removal of such a

life from among us leaves a vacancy and

shadow that will be deeply realized, and

will prove a serious loss to the community;

Resolved, That the members of Dexter

Grange extend to the bereaved family their

sincere sympathy, commending them to Him

who doeth all things well.

Resolved, That as a tribute of respect to

our departed sister, our altar and char-

tered in mourning for a period of thirty

days.

Resolved, That these resolutions be placed

upon the records of our order, that a copy

be sent to the bereaved family, and also to the

Maine Farmer and our local paper.

Mrs. J. W. JOSE, Committee

on Resolutions.

There must be some powerful mag-

net to draw 250 patrons from all parts

of the county to any given spot in the

middle of the busy season. We have found

this number at Somerset Pomona, which

met with Victor Grange, in the southern

corner of that large county. In the

report of the Granges it was a pleasure

to note every one a steady increase,

both in membership and attendance,

since January 1, 1895. The day was well

occupied, the essay on "Home"

full of sensible ideas, well expressed,

and the two questions discussed as fully

as the hours would permit. It was a

pleasure to hear the wide-awake farmers

express themselves so emphatically upon

the subject of "Improved Highways,"

and in favor of advanced methods,

while the line of work for the Grange

to occupy in the future gave opportunity

for emphasizing important lessons.

Such meetings are helpful socially, as

well as agriculturally. Victor Grange

entertained royally, as it always does.

A larger hearted body of men and

women cannot count than the Grange

embraced in the membership of this live

Grange.

—Waldo County Pomona Grange held

its regular meeting June 11th with

Granite Grange, North Seaport. Since

the Pomona met with this Grange last

year they have built a new hall, 30 by 50

feet. The hall is on the upper floor, the

lower floor being used for a dining-room, &c.

The day was pleasant and very warm,

and the attendance unusually large.

The meeting was presided over by

Worthy Master of the Grange, and

welcome was given by A. Stinson, and

the response by Martha Nickerson.

Both were excellent. A committee was

appointed to draw up resolutions on the

death of our sister, Chaplain, John

Highland, O. S. H. 1895-1900.

Perley, Twenty-one Granges responded

to the roll call. A class of forty-nine

Poetry.

THAT EMPTY CHAIR.

In the morning of life, when earth was new,
Too early in life for life's review—
For a future we trimmed our whitened sail,
And for many a league over land and sea,
While the winds blew foul, the winds blew fair,
We never could dream that the time might be
When one would sob o'er an empty chair.
We sailed and we sailed over many a sea,
When our hearts were young and our lives were new,
And was never a hurt but we found to be
Lessened by half when divided by two.
But out from its nest my fellow has flown,
And I know not whether he went, or where;
I saw a flutter, a faint, a faint, a faint,
And I know not whether he went, or where.
The months will come, and the months will go,
And the little moon will wax and wane,
As I nightly go to my couch of woe,
Or rise from my sleepless bed of pain.
The young will laugh in their harmless glee,
The sturdy youth and the maiden fair,
But never a joy will be coming to me,
With ever in view that empty chair.

Though with my stir to a hollow mirth,
And a moment my cares be still,
My sorrow forever rises in my birth,
And mocks at my laboring will;
For I walk in the valley and snow alone,
Never cheer comes to lighten my gloom,
And my heart finds vent in a stifled groan,
As I look again at that empty chair.

But from over the river she beckons to me,
And she calls to me in my dreams,
And something—a breath—whatever it be,
Like the faint of a vision seems;
And the voice of a something is seeming to say,
As I sink in my lonely despair:
"I stand by your side through the live-long day,
Or I sit in that lonely chair."

WHERE THE GLORY LIES.

There is beauty in the hill-tops, clad in summer's richest green,
There is beauty in the sparkling brook that dashes down its bed,
There is beauty in the swarming earth and in the arching blue,
But the glory of all beauty lies in friendship, strong and true.

There is grandeur in the mountain, with its turrets in the skies,
There is grandeur in the ocean when the mighty billows rise,
There is grandeur in the storm-king, stalking like destruction's wrath,
But the glory of all grandeur lies in simple, childhood faith.

There is glory in the patriot's sword, that flashes from its sheath,
There is glory in the warrior's brow, where rests the victor's wreath,
There is glory in the statesman's pen and in the nation's might,
But the glory of all glories lies in doing what is right.

Our Story Teller.

LINDY.

BY AGNES ELLIS.

"Lindy, guess I'll have to get Win Potts to take care of you. She seems willin' to come, an' all the rest of the girls 'round air too busy or too lazy or sumthin'; they say they can't come, anyhow."

Lindy turned her head wearily on her pillow, and said: "Well?"

Sam didn't just like the way she answered him, an' she said it a little bundle down on Lindy's arm, and tucked the covers around it. "I tell you now, you'd better keep an eye on that girl and Sam."

"Why, ma, Sam and me's married. You don't want to talk that way."

"Marryin' don't always keep folks from actin' the fool."

"But ma, we've got the baby," she said, as she turned the head and looked fondly at the tiny, red wrinkled face. "Don't you think the baby looks like Sam, ma?"

"No, it's too flat-nosed to look like anybody." And then, seeing Lindy's disappointed look, she added: "But it's more'n likely 'twill favor him when it gets big."

In a little while Sam drove up with Win. She hurried in the house. "And so you and Sam's got a baby," she said. "Why, how awful pore you air, Lindy. Yore complexion's just awful. Oh, there's the baby. Now, ain't it cute! looks the plecter of Sam. Ain't it a pretty little tot? I'd think you'd love it terrible, Lindy."

"I'm goin' home now, Lindy," said her mother. "Win's here to see after you, and Sam says his ma's a-comin' over Sunday to stay with you. Now, take care of yourself, and I'll run in to see you every day or two."

"Come as soon as you can, ma," said Lindy, looking after her as she went out of the door.

"Yes, I will; keep up your spirits." For the next few days things with Lindy and the baby went on very well. Sam stayed around the house most of the time, and in his bashful way petted them both. It bothered her to hear Sam and Win talking and laughing together in the kitchen at their meals.

Sunday morning brought Sam's mother. "La, me, air you in bed yet?" she said, as she unpinned her hair. "And the baby six days old. I always got out o' bed the fourth day. Didn't ketch me lollyin' around like you're a-doin'."

"Well, ma, you're stouter'n Lindy is," ventured Sam, timidly.

"People air stout accordin' to the 'mount o' babbyin' they git. You bring me that chair an' that big calico comfort. I'm goin' to hev her up right off. Now, don't you feel better after that?" she said to Lindy, as she gave her chair an extra jerk to make it stand at the right angle.

"Yes'm, I guess so," said Lindy, leaning back and closing her eyes. The room seemed to be spinning round and round.

"I knowed it all you need's to git up. Whose goin' to preschin' from Sam?"

Lindy watched them drive off. Her mother-in-law was busy in the kitchen, and she had a little cry all to herself. "Oh, we just had the best meetin'!" said Win, after they came home; "an' some of the girls said Sam and me looked jest like married folks."

Lindy had crawled back into bed, and when Sam came in a few minutes later she was lying with her face to the wall and he thought her asleep.

"I'll hev to go over home after dinner," said Win. "I need more'n I brought with me. Wont'er if Sam'll have time to drive me. We might a come that way from meetin' but Sam was in such a hurry to git home."

"Course he'll hev time," said his mother. "He ain't got nothin' to do but pet Lindy, an' the more he can keep away the quicker she'll git up. I hate to see folks spoiled in their raisin' like her, an' it's bout time she was leasened different."

"Sam, you hitch up an' take Win home for awhile."

"Is she 'bliged to go?" said Sam. "Yes, she's got to go while I'm here to stay with Lindy."

Late that evening, after he had brought Win back and his mother had gone, Sam went to the bed and, taking Lindy's hand, said: "You look like you was mighty nigh tired out."

She drew her hand away and said: "I ain't tired."

Lindy had never drawn away from him before. It made him uneasy. He was going to take her hand again and ask her what was the matter, when Win put her head in the door and said: "Want somethin' to eat, Sam? I've got a pecter set out for you."

"Where's Win?" asked Lindy's mother one morning, when she had run in for a little while.

"She's gone out to the field to take Sam a drink."

"Yes, and she's making a plum fool of herself, too. The hull neighbor-hood's a-talkin' about the way she's a sumpin' and firtin' round. If it's in your place I'd send her home."

That afternoon Sam came in from the field. "I've broke my plov an' hev to go to town to get it fixed," he said to Lindy.

"Sam, don't you think we feel real good along without Win? I feel real good, an' ma could come over an' help me some."

"I'd rather you'd keep her 'till you git good an' strong," he answered.

"I b'lieve I could git about without her," said Lindy.

"No, you'd better keep her another week. When a feller's workin' hard in the field he don't want to hev to worry about what's a-goin' on in the house."

"I reckon I couldn't pack water out to you, an' she'd hev to plov, an' a riggle as much as Win does," she says.

"Why Lindy, what ails you?"

"Nothin'."

"Is there somethin' you'd like me to git you in town?"

"No I don't want anything."

"Where's Sam a-goin'?" asked Win, as she saw him putting his team to the wagon.

"To town," said Lindy.

"Well, I'm a-goin', too. I've been a-wantin' to fer two weeks." And running to the door she screamed: "Sam, hold on a minute, 'till I git ready."

Lindy watched them drive away. She saw Win look up at Sam and say something, and Sam laughed. She flung herself down on the bed and cried and cried. "I wish neither of 'em would ever come back, and I could go home and stay with ma. I wish I'd a died when the baby come."

The baby cried and it took her a long while to quiet it. She wished her ma would come over, she was so lonesome. She looked at the clock. Sam had been gone almost long enough to get back, but she didn't want to see Sam, an' Win—she felt as if she could choke her. Some one knocked at the door. She opened it and there stood old Mrs. Trover, the worst old gossip in the country. She never could bear her, but she was so lonesome she was really glad to see her. After she had talked about the baby awhile and told Lindy how bad she looked, she said: "An' so you're still a-keepin' Win Potts, air you? Well, I just come a-purpose to tell you if I'm in your place I'd send her an' her traps a-flyin'."

Lindy grew pale, but she quietly asked: "Why?"

"Why, why, you'd orter know, an' I knowed some one must tell you, so I look it up myself to come over. Why she jist hangs 'round you Sam ridin' lous. Why, don't they go a-trottin' off to church together an' over to her ma's, an' don't she holler at ever-one along the road an' ask if she don't look like she's married, and don't she hang 'round him all the time carryin' water to the field, an' didn't I see 'em with my own eyes the very afternoon she 'ridin' down the road with his arms 'round her and her with her head agin his shoulder. They never see me till I turned the corner an' was most onto 'em. An' you orter have seen how flustered they was when I met 'em. I knowed you didn't know how they were a-actin', an' I come over to tell you. The hull country is a-pityin' you."

"Did you say you saw 'em, Mrs. Trover?"

"See 'em, yes, I see 'em with my own eyes, course I see 'em. You look terrible white, Lindy; can't I git you some water?"

"No, I don't want any."

"Well, I must go. I jist come over to tell you about it. I thought it time you was knowin', an' you with a young baby, too. Now good-by; come an' see me soon as you can, and don't take too much to heart what I've told you."

Lindy watched her go down the lane and out of sight. What should she do? "Oh, Lord, tell me what to do," she moaned. "I'll go home to ma, that's what I'll do, an' if Sam wants Win Potts he can have her. We'll go home to gran'ma, won't we, baby?" she said, as she took it in her arms. It was a mile around the road, and about three-quarters through the fields. She must hurry, for they would be back a-ridin' in a twinkling. She gave her chair a shawl over her head and started across the fields.

"Why, Lindy Wilson!" her mother said, as Lindy walked in at the kitchen door.

"Take the baby, ma," and then she fainted.

They searched both rooms, the barns, and even looked down the well. "She's a-playin' some joke on you, Sam. I wouldn't take it so hard. The house is warm and there's some fire in the stove; she ain't been gone long."

Win's coolness exasperated him. "Win Potts, do you know where she's at?" said Sam, laying his rough hand on her shoulder. Win looked up at him. His face was pale. Sweat was standing on his forehead and he was quivering all over.

"Honest to God, Sam, I don't," she said; "but she's likely over to her ma's."

Sam rushed out, got into the wagon and drove to her mother's. He didn't wait to knock, but walked right in. Her mother was standing over the stove stirring something in a cup for the baby.

"Is Lindy here?"

"Yes, she's with her mother-in-law."

"How did she git here?"

"Walked."

"Yes, walked, Sam Wilson, walked. What've you been a-doin'?"

What've you been a-doin' with that Win Potts, a toter of her over the country and makin' love to her till you've broke my Lindy's heart, an' she's come home to stay, and she's stirred the tea so vigorously it slopped over on the stove."

"Can't I see Lindy?" asked Sam.

"No, you can't. She told me to tell you if you come that you could go home and have Win Potts, that she's through with you."

"Can't I see her jist a minit?" pleaded Sam.

"No, you can't, and the old lady took her cup and left the room, shutting the door hard after her. Sam dropped into a chair and leaned his head on his hands; great tears ran down his fingers and dropped off on the floor. His mother-in-law opened the door. She was going to say something sharp, but the sight of him softened her.

"I'll ask Lindy agin if she'll see you."

A few minutes later she came back. "She says she won't see you, and she wants you to let her alone."

Without a word Sam got up and went home. "Get your traps together, Win, quick as you can, and I'll get Bill Skinner to take you home."

"Is Lindy over to her ma's?"

"Yes."

"She was jist playin' a joke on you, wasn't she?"

"Yes."

"It's the sickest lookin' joke I ever see," said Bill Skinner as he drove her home. "And I'll bet you 'tain't no ord'nary jokin' neither."

Sam tried for several days to see Lindy, but she refused to see him.

"Tell her," he would say to her mother, "that if she'll jist see me I know I can fix it all right. If she'd only jist let me look at her 'twould do me so much good."

Once he asked for the baby. He took it in his arms and the tears rolled from his eyes and dropped over it. "Poor little feller," he said. One day he laid five dollars down on the table. "Give that to Lindy," he might need sumthin'."

He tried to go on with his work just the same. But he couldn't plov where he could look over at the little house where Lindy used to be. He couldn't stay in the rooms where he had never lived an hour without her, and where every little thing was made and placed by her hands.

"I jist fix things up, and get out of the country. I can't live here."

"So he wrote to Lindy:

"DEAR LINDY: I'm a-cleavin' away when you won't hev to here about me. I never was a-goin' to see you and I always moved it. I thought you liked me a-goin' to it. I left the things at our place for you, and you can go down and get them I thought you'd need them for the little feller. Good-by. SAM."

Lindy read the note and handed it to her mother, who read it and looked at her. Her face was white and set.

"Shall some of us go over and tell him not to go?" she asked.

"No, ma, I'd rather you wouldn't."

And she took the baby in her arms and left the room.

Lindy was pale and quiet all day. In the evening she put her baby to sleep and went out into the yard. It was a warm evening in the middle of May. The moon was shining, although it was scarcely dusk. She wandered out into the orchard and on beyond, where she could look across the fields toward her own little home. She would like to see it again just as it was when she was so happy. Her father and mother were going down the next day after the things, and it would never be the same again.

"I b'lieve I'll go on over the hill and see if I can see it," and she hurried on. "I would like to go in and see if things is jist as I left 'em. I low Sam's go'er 'thar a upside down since I left." She could catch a faint outline of the house. She felt an awful home sick, lonely feeling. "I must see it once agin," she said to herself, and the tears rolled down her face. "Oh, I do wish Sam was there, it looks so black an' lonesome." On she went, every little thing about the place growing plainer and plainer in the moonlight. She came to the gate and over. Why she jist hangs 'round you Sam ridin' lous. Why, don't they go a-trottin' off to church together an' over to her ma's, an' don't she holler at ever-one along the road an' ask if she don't look like she's married, and don't she hang 'round him all the time carryin' water to the field, an' didn't I see 'em with my own eyes the very afternoon she 'ridin' down the road with his arms 'round her and her with her head agin his shoulder. They never see me till I turned the corner an' was most onto 'em. An' you orter have seen how flustered they was when I met 'em. I knowed you didn't know how they were a-actin', an' I come over to tell you. The hull country is a-pityin' you."

A word of truth in it."

"I know it, Sam. I know it. I as she's got goose, can you forgive me, Sam?"

"Fergive you, Lindy, can you ever fergive me fer bein' such a fool. I orter seen it, but I thought you knowed how I cared for you. Where's the baby?"

"It's over to ma's, asleep."

"Would you be afraid to stay here alone, while I run across the fields and get it?"

"No," she laughed, "an' tell ma I'll not be back to-night." — Peterson's Magazine.

THE SPHINX.

BY FRANCIS C. WILLIAMS.

"Well, of all the days this has been the worst I ever saw!" grumbled Campbell, the city editor, as he gave the copy-boy a "padded" story of a cable-smash-up, and wheeled about in his desk-chair and addressed the office in general and no one in particular.

"Get a good story here, Mr. Campbell, heads up, and neither of them worth its place. How much'll that shipping story make, Harris?"

"I can fill it out to half a column," answered the person to, looking up from his desk.

"Make all you can of it. We'll need every bit we can get."

It was just then that Mr. Campbell, the city editor, saw Mr. Campbell, the city editor, as he gave the copy-boy a "padded" story of a cable-smash-up, and wheeled about in his desk-chair and addressed the office in general and no one in particular.

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did the murder, they say, and they'll end in hanging him, of course; the circumstantial evidence is strong. The Kremer murder, remember! It occurred about twelve years ago, didn't it?"

"No," replied Hardin, "not twelve; eleven years ago to-night. That is, I think it was to-night eleven years ago. The murder made a great impression on my mind. It was a hellish crime; wasn't it?"

"Bad, as murders go, I guess," returned Marsh, lightly, wondering at this sudden drop of loquacity on the other's part. "Well, I'll leave you."

Hardin did not reply. He was fumbling over his book again. Marsh walked up to the city editor's desk.

"The Sphinx must have something wrong in his head to-night," he remarked. "He's been rapidly going into his dotage."

"The point is, he can furnish the history of the murder?" Campbell interrupted, impatiently. He was engaged in blue-penciling a story of a society meeting.

"He thinks he can," answered Marsh. "Then don't bother yourself about his infirmities," admonished the other; "and take a brace on that story of your own! It's close to eleven o'clock."

Marsh returned to his place and resumed his scribbling industriously.

The Sphinx in his room was still going over the pages of the register. But he was not looking among the K's. It was through the long list of names beginning with H that he hunted. "It must be here," he kept murmuring to himself. "It ought to be here! Why can't I find it?"

Then he ran the pages over again. They fluttered from his withered fingers—winding-sheets on which were written the names of those dead and gone, of events of recollection of which had long since faded from the minds of most men. But they did not yield the name he sought. "It's strange," he said. "This is a complete record; it has never been wanting before. Why can't I find it? They must have known about it when it happened."

Then, all at once, one of his hands slipped from the book, and his head dropped among the leaves, crushing them flat; and tears ran between the thin fingers outspread there.

He remained there for some time. Only the clicking of the telegraph instrument in the news room, a dull hum of voices from the rooms beyond where a discussion was going on, and an occasional question asked and answered in the local room came to his ears; and even those he did not hear. Then a bell began to boom the hour, and mechanically he counted the strokes.

Eleven o'clock! The fact, duly impressed on his mind, awoke him to a sudden sense of the work before him. He raised his head. His face was drawn, and his eyes, swollen as their lids were from tears, seemed to have sunk in their sockets. He sat for a moment, looking at the book before him. The leaf that was uppermost was one that he had scanned many times before. At its top was printed the letter H.

A minute later he had drawn a large bundle of copy-paper toward him and was writing on it. He wrote slowly at first, almost laboriously. But soon his pen moved more quickly, and sheet after sheet of the paper was covered and pushed to one side.

Hardin's pen moved unceasingly. When midnight struck he was working with a fierce energy which told of a purpose that defied fatigue. But he sent up no "copy" to the composing room as he wrote; the pages accumulated at his desk in a careless heap.

It was after 12:30 when he dropped his pen and sunk back in his chair for a minute. But it was only for a minute. He picked up the bundle of copy, roughly rearranged it, wrote "Use all—Rush!" at the top of the first sheet, and set it upstairs by a boy.

He put on his overcoat, turned off the incandescent light and walked into the local room and to the city editor's desk. "Mr. Campbell," he said, in a low voice, "I have to go out. I guess you won't need me any more?"

"No, not to-night," replied Campbell. "You sent up a great story of that Kremer murder, Marsh tells me. Is it a beat?"

"Yes, it's a beat," said the other. There was mingled sadness and bitterness in his tones.

"Good night," Campbell answered, not noticing anything.

"Good night," repeated Hardin. The door was closed and he went toward the door. But in the doorway he paused, and then came back to Campbell's desk.

"Mr. Campbell," he said, earnestly, "I have never lied to you?"

"Why, no?" exclaimed Campbell in surprise.

"Well, and I'm not lying now. Remember that I never you may think of me, I have told the truth."

"Of course!" said the city editor, Marsh's words recurring to him. Hardin certainly was losing his grip. The Sphinx turned away, and this time walked out the door and down the stairway to the street.

Half an hour later there was great excitement in the Globe office. The proof-reader sent down galleys proofed, and the city editor, looking over it all and could not believe the evidence of his eyes. He took the proof and copy in to the managing editor, and they had a consultation.

Then, just as they had decided that it would be best to "kill" the whole of the story which Hardin had written, Marsh came in, in a state of new excitement, to call Campbell to the phone. Some one wished to speak to him from police headquarters. What the city editor heard from there determined him to publish the article as it stood.

The account of the Kremer murder which the Globe presented on its first page that morning was the talk of the town. But it was not the story of the arrest of Booh, the supposed murderer, that riveted attention. That much was common property among the dailies.

It was the two columns in which was set forth the confession of a man who, for twelve long years, had borne the burden of his guilt and striven to live down a recollection that only grew more clear, and would not be forgotten. And then at last, when it could be endured no longer, and to tell it to others was the one relief, the Sphinx had unsealed his lips.

Old Campbell, who, out of pity for the old man, went to the police headquarters that morning to see the talk of the town, was too late. Hardin's drawn face, his eyes, the supposed murderer, that riveted attention. That much was common property among the dailies.

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